

HERE IS ME:
other and collected poems.

SIM Dlephu.

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**HERE IS ME:
OTHER AND
COLLECTED
POEMS.**

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Dedication.

This book is dedicated to my dearly loved grandparents, my late grandfather Ntsikelelelo 'Nguse' Mbaligontsi and my grandmother Eunice 'Rhalabantu' Mbaligontsi.

“SOMEONE’S OPINIONS OF YOU,
DOES NOT HAVE TO BECOME YOUR REALITY’
Les Brown.

This booklet is made up of newly written and collected poems from various online platforms. Thank you to everyone who helped me to arrive here, and it’s not yet a final destination. Thank you people of Sithiweni village, at Matatiele, to my primary and high school teachers, to people who used to follow me on Facebook, THANK YOU SO MUCH.

BIOGRAPHY

Dlephu Simlindile Innocent Mthokozisi better known as Thora was born on 18 September 1998 at Tembisa, in the province of Gauteng, South Africa. He was sent to live with his grandparents by his parents anonymously in 2002. He grew up in the rural areas, at Sithiweni village, under Mvenyane location in the town of Matatiele in Eastern Cape province. He lived with his late grandfather who was using a wheelchair. His grandmother works as a road worker and at the same time as sangoma. He also had a brother and a sister, whom he described as an ‘assistant parents’.

Growing up at Sithiweni village has been the worst experience, especially during the days when schools could not continue learning because he was not registered on the school system due to birth certificates which he did not have at the time. Most of the time he writes about social, economical and political issues. He started writing in 2012, when he was doing Grade 8 at Sithiweni JSS. He was fourteen years old and he received a huge support from his English teacher, Mr Moyo who was originally from Zimbabwe.

A lot of his work has been lost because he did not have means to publish and the environment was not conducive for the growth of an emerging writer. His books include : “The streets kids and other poems(2013)” and “So many, so plenty reasons(2017)” however both books were not published. He also had Facebook pages, for poetry, short stories, quotes and the diary with a huge audience. At some point he deleted his account due to some reasons, therefore he lost his pages. Recently he published his three poems on the Best New African Poets 2019 which is edited and compiled by Tendai Rinos Mwanaka and Nsah Mala. Those poems are also here in this book: Walking in the rain, This car and South Africa.

He is quite involved with many organisations such as Activate ACD, he is a member of South African Students Congress Organisation (SASCO) and a member of National Writers Association of South Africa (NWASA). He is currently at Rhodes University studying towards the bachelor of education (FP)

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Walking in the rain.

I've nicely folded my clothes
Put them on a wardrobe, I'm going to walk naked
While the pain drip off my heart as the oil in Solomon's beard
Let's acknowledge the gap opened cannot be filled
Trauma can't be healed, scars can't be erased and the truth can't be falsified
This fact is like virginity

It feels like I have been sleeping
Having a bad dream
A nightmare of opposite of socioeconomic transformation
A rapidly growing socioeconomic distransformation
Sometimes I remember myself going to neighbours asking for food
One day I didn't ask, struggle made me to dream big and I dreamt for good
Pastors want to wake me up, with my ancestors I am living on my dreams
Down there mountain of Siswana, eDwaleni
Above that road turn, dusty, small, cracked and iconic
I grew up on the home standing there
Not just grew up, but I was raised
Although we had no cows and no money
This feather was given to me as my inheritance

It's so sad, the only words I write
Are sad and not right, because I'm left
And that's so sad and isn't right

My regrets about the past can't change anything
Even my devastation for the future still doesn't count
In life there are many possibilities unfolding
I promise to take those chances
Although my progress happens in mystery
I will always do my best
Should I apologize for losing my reputation?
When I stopped believing in my imaginary
White or coloured father
Who never returned home
And started acknowledging my ancestors
For I've lived with and seen my grandfather
And still blessed to be with grandmother
Her love for me is forever

Forever loving Jah like Bob Marley did
And believing in myself.
There are lessons I learnt in those days
When I was young, drunk and feeling like I followed
what I used to be warned by elders about
Society looking at me with hopelessness
Even people I used to know left me for powder
I found the solution in the green herb
I don't mean doing drugs but meditating instead
Fola's of Mabembe have been fulling me with emotional intelligence

If it wasn't for my political father
Who took me to school
Today I wouldn't be flying this flag
With colours recognising our differences and significant yellow

Class insecurities aside
Sometimes I sincerely follow fooly their noisy party
Lift the cross of their ideology
With hope, confidence and a spirit of a proudly black South African

BUT

Over the dinner they talk and agree of coalitions
With more interest on businesses
Living a bling-bling life
While neglecting the lives of the people

My life with words on papers was built
But even if those books can be burnt it won't means I'm killed
This is waay far from the education they gave us
While it is weak and eventually coming to an end like long division
I blame it for my siblings locked up in drugs at Tembisa

I know how does it feels
But this water, this falling cold rain
Gives me life, cleaning and the refreshment
Mental relaxation, a sense of humour and a power to rise again

I am naked
Walking in the rain.

Here is me.

I closed my ears and my eyes
And went to sleep
This one hasn't been heard or seen
It has been dreamt, now they say I'm demonic and write lies
Ohh! Where I come from it's deep
Here is me.

On the mountain of Zion
Their eyes looked up, 'here's Mthokozisi'
They're singing 'nangu uMthokozisi'
Ironically, I am a child of a farm pig and a cowardly lion
Here is me.

With faith I was named Simlindile
A beloved son of God, J. Christ we're waiting for him
Othandiweyo unyana kaThixo, Y. Krestu simlindile
I was once at A.F.M, glorifying there's no one like him
Here is me.

My imaginary poetic universe is called Orah
Tour Orah is the tour I took
Found my final destination at Thoranation_SA at Orah
From Mthokozisi to Mthora, Thora, Tour Orah. I can write a book
Here is me.

I've breathed the toxic oral gases
Named Innocent but preferred name is Mthokozisi
This is my chance to explain to mases
SIM isn't for SIMlindile, but Simlindile Innocent Mthokozisi
Here is me.

Poetic mad and with facts I'm accurate
More accurate than my identity document
No wish to novelise this poem but I got my ID book late
Living illegal in your own country was a traumatic moment
Here is me.

It was 17 November 1997, not 18 September 1998
In the shacks at Tembisa, Egyptian home with bloody streets
I was born within seven months, labelled underweight

Four years later, 'where is mommy?' I asked but granny just gave me sweets
Here is me?

If a fallen seed can grow
Then the watches of my breath may multiply
These are the foundation of white ways as snow
Writing this let me live, writing it again will let me fly
Here is me.

Here is me
Here is me.

South Africa.

The cry of an infant, his life on ending
Abandoned in the dark shack, where heavy rain rains
Horrible summer, even the floods of bloods be overflowing
His spirit is his saviour, these good chills pumping from his veins
South Africa, History never taught me about you before your discovery

The explanation of his pain is deep, enough to kill
A poet has been touched, shocked and provoked by his rare reality
Explaining his pain can kill, if that's what it is worthy I will
be killed for poetising about a black lower class child's reality
His inferior identity was embedded in his mind during colonialism and slavery

Every moment has been of weeping and hoping
His parents are structural and systematic and not recognised greatest socialists
They're struggling for what may be seemingly simply, food for eating
Getting unconsciously oppressed and hacked into not reciprocal service by holy capitalists
His stomach is shrinking to his back bone each and every year

Undoubtedly his is proud about his great grand forefathers
Can't be sure about social, education and home affairs, 1910, 1994 and chief even
They be buzzing about psychologist, psychiatrists, mentors and others
A young man salutes a village of Sithiweni, Mr Cllr Nxesi and a men not yet found even
Shall reading this poem help him to overcome his fear?

South Africa, I hope you won't get me wrong
I'm alone and unapologetic black, then proudly yellow when we're among
Writing about his last breath, breathing hardly with bleeding tore apart his heart and he's still
strong.

This car

I don't know how I got inside
But I'm here now and this car is moving
From Tembisa to Matatiele, it's been a ride
Looked at the other seats, many people I'm not seeing

They've fallen along the way
On no! This car is dangerously fast
Left them on the scene, other passengers now victims, not noticed till today
The better knowers said everyone must catch it up running is a fast

About this car, the difference in stops, traveling fee and seats not acknowledged
There is no humour, with these passengers I can't relate
A chat about Matthew's Effect, their fragile insecurities has been touched
The bus driver shouted we are running late

We've seen the nuisances, somewhere we had to stop
We couldn't see the way, a driver couldn't drive
At some point, we took all the drunk noise markers tied them on top
One day my principal told us to pray, in destination to arrive alive

My feelings about this journey are intertwined and multiplied
All of grandpa's ungiven chances, of Hector Peterson, all untaken by drugs addicted friends
This journey with them would be fine, at least my brother, my sister and others tried
Broom can be much way better, than this air-conditioned coffins called Benz

This car is going backward, moving forward
Children seemingly impressed, looking at the moving trees through window
While an environmentalist in green suit is making things awkward
Jumped to catch the burning cigarettes filter through a window.

Love.

Lend me your sight, mine is blur.
Even when love is in the dark,
Love's light is here to show us the way.
Reality of my dreams, waking me up you should not dare.

When love's love, no side is dark.
Let's keep it real, since it was, it has been until today.
I used to confuse love with a nightmare.
Now true love grows as gigantic as an ark.

No need for oxygen but you take my breath away.
Isn't this a paradise? My sight's blur present.
I feel an absence of judgment and a lot of care.

True love presence lovewash previously torned mark.
Rejuvenating hope and life, no more turning back.

I miss those warm made night of winter in May.
Us, indoors and having..... a coffee of bay at Coffee Bay.

No status or perfection required, love's free and fair
Free and fair, naturally a bound blossoms, with no love's portion luck
It's not a luck, love's an endless life I can say

In the middle of moonless winter night at Sithiweni village.

Outside a rental house.

My sisters see stars.

Tiny, numerous, freestanding and shooting stars.

Their dreams are self-driven.

And their hopes for a better life for all.

Rising high, high and higher

as these sparks of red dry red woods

of winter outside evening fire.

I see pity and innocence in their eyes.

Motivational speakers open their mouths and I hear lies.

Telling them they can be

whatever they wanna be.

I'm not pessimistic.

I'm realistic.

There're huge invisible dongas.

Set for villagers by this system.

I wish they can learn, with resilience and persistence.

I know the educational graves, dug for them.

My God, they shall not get caught by GEC.

Genocide of Early Children!

So they can break my record.

I know a lot

Like what a twenty-nineteen born baby girl have seen.

Trash mens, fake pastors, pretending politicians with rotten hearts.

Tgly witches wearing smiling masks.

They do everything to get our votes.

They got all the power, resources and illusionary knowledge.

To keep our lives miserable.

It was my brother.

My sister and I.

Witnessing a night hazzard.

Our whole lives, when growing up.

The moonless night is and was always.

And always will be.

Rough, scary, windy, noisy, traumatic and dark like a devil.

Known, responsible, proud and caring fathers?

To Emihle and Endinako.

I hope you'll learn lessons.

And do better than our mother did.

For the sake of my nieces and nephews too.

And yourselves too.

But.....

If you couldn't.

Don't be too harsh on yourselves.

I love you guys to death.

What brother and sister made for me.

I wish I could do it.

But these unsolved family issues.

Be distancing us.

Even grandmother never said a word.

I'm proud of her though.

For raising us, being our mother.

Sometimes I understand.

She doesn't wanna speak what she doesn't know.

Our mother is a locked up library.

With no key to be found.

Why doesn't she come back home?.

There's a lot we wanna know.

Especially for me.

About his disappearance, an escape.

Or his death if he died.

A donkey cries.

And an old dog barks.

It barks cursingly.

We are sitting by the fire.

Reminiscing about our own great depression.

Hoping a promise dawn will come.

Followed by life continuing sunset.

A perfect daylight to midday.

But for yet.

It is

In the middle of moonless night at Sithiweni village.

In the middle of moonless night at Sithiweni village.

May I live before I die?

It's my time to throw away tears
And escape from truth writing fears
Although I was born dead
Mistakenly fallen seed
He hid, and she donated
Then my grandparents, me welcomed
May I live before I die?

Biological ones gave me life, that's I can't repay
Sincerely respect for them will forever stay
Life is the drop to the universe
My battling quote is the below poetry verse
Life's set systematically, colour and socioeconomic based
I didn't just grew up, but I was raised
May I live before I die?

My three small families in big wars
I had to remain in doors
My brother became my father
My sister became my mother
Above all, Grandparents the best
While officials the worst
May I live before I die?

My gorgeous dreams growing
My skinny hope dying
My struggle resembled by how I look
When it darted, the matter of ID book
Why me? Even linguistic disability
Someone once suspected even the mentality
May I live before I die?

I've seen the worst
I've heard the worst
Therefore before Death do his job
How can writing be my paying job?
I want to paste my life on books
I always cry when my life sucks
May I live before I die?

I wanna live on and plant this land freely
May I please vote weekly?
Because I spend every five years
Regretting in tears
About life I've no clue
By all means dead. That's true
May I live before I die?

May I live before I die?

Another poem.

Here I come, after a long time
A long time without writing any poem
Should I reintroduce myself even in this time?
I once wrote a poem, poems and here's another poem

Poems bubbling in Thoranation_SA pot
It's about elections, winter, unforeseen, nonracial God
Many people don't understand, this delicious pot is hot
What? linguistically and psychological colonised, oh almighty God

Living in my abandoned horrible dreams
Political affiliated, an activist, an imperfect parent of young ones and a child of old ones
Writing poems about African ice-creams
Sometimes writing poems and title them another ones

My revolution is not born out of hate
But out of love for my people
What is the meaning of life in the village? wait
Jammed lives went on, structural nothing changed for my people

Chinua Achebe, Gabriel Okara how to cry in a poem?
Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali, Chris Van Wyk speak to me, you inspired me!
When journalists wrote about us, titled "oh shame"
Old but imaginary born, conservatives and capitalists- declared something wrong with me

Gone are those days
I and friends, we walked on two ways
Just living life, about economy we didn't care
Playing football and puffing and passing into anyways

Should I call it life or experience?
Firstly, is it in the present or past tense?
None is impo, to write I ought, poet I am
Catch me writing a poem with blood dripping pen at twelve am
Another poem.

Look here, look there.

Sometimes I don't know where to start
Lemme write what I feel in my heart
Life's short but struggle is long
Sometimes I don't accept even when I'm wrong
Sometimes I'm different in my own ways
Feeling BAD on the GOOD days
Look here, look there

If time was endless
I would suffer from writing madness
I hate my life but I appreciate it
It made me a man, Black, strong and fit
I've good stories to tell
But no books, even a single book to sell
In the deepest middle of the night
I, by the fire, these poems I write
Look here, look there

Sometimes I think I'm late and stuck
I'm too young to drive this truck
These polititrafic officers have real money
Believe me, they cook chicken with honey
When I think about the future, what can I say?
Let's forget it on this day
Look here, look there

Life's about living
Not by losing or winning
It's not about joy or pain
Not by aloe's juice or sugar cane
As long as we live, not to believe
Dear Dear, let's live as Madam and Eve
And not forget to look here and to look there.

28 July 2019.

Poetic birth cry, and the year 2012 is missed
Written by coal, my great poems not published
No time wasted, but it's deep I've not made a progress
Comforting myself I've been getting a writing experience

If that's true, it's good and enough
Eight years of experience has been poetic rough
I used to write and I wasn't so lazy
During Sunday evenings, writing like I was crazy
At home they never knew I was writing poems instead of homework
I enjoyed Maths, but I found it whack

Poetic birth cry, and the year 2012 is missed
Written by coal, my great poems not published
No time wasted, but it's deep I've not made a progress
Comforting myself I've been getting a writing experience

If that's it's not true I cry for the wasted time
My sweetest rarely words and the flowing rhyme
I used to sit down and write by myself
Young kid in self doubt, I starting reading my poems by myself
I used to take risks, crossing thin bridges
Looking for writers, of all races and ages
I never wished to go to high school
Just wanted to be a poet and that was cool

Poetic birth cry, and the year 2012 is missed
Written by coal, my great poems not published
No time wasted, but it's deep I've not made a progress
Comforting myself I've been getting a writing experience

Unlike sports, poetry has no rules
How free and democratic is the country with no rules ?
Remember #Thoronation_SA is a poetic world
I have aliens flow, my flow is out of this world
18 September 2019 version I see it from away
What I'll blow up with is heavy, I can't handle it from today
They used to like me when I was praying for reality

Now they don't like me for writing reality

Poetic birth cry, and the year 2012 is missed
Written by coal, my great poems not published
No time wasted, but it's deep I've not made a progress
Comforting myself I've been getting a writing experience

Childhood wasn't good
Adulthood doesn't promise to be good
Or its cultural mood of the hood?
We used to play streets at homes
Randomly used to arrive cops in the homes
Later in the streets is where we found homes
Each and every day was a horror movie
Watchers shaking movie
Lessons and growth rated movie
Somethings are just time wasting
And some poems shows thoratic poet rising
And the second is what I'm doing
I know about me, killing it is what you're liking
Especially when I'm not stopping
Harder and harder and crazy when I'm going
Queens be smiling when reading my poems like it's a sweet message
I'm about to turn twenty one, still young and a savage
Poetic return, holding myself accountable as revenge
We used to watch when it's getting darker
For the night we prayed and I used to wonder
It was business time or it was really getting darker?
At some point I wanted to be a politician
For the seek of true leadership and living like an American
I couldn't though, I guess not because I'm African
Times goes on, and people's habits are changing
I've just thought about the fans I'm eventually losing
As Tour Orah da poet I've been not writing
For the past eight years I've not been serious
Bars are on, with Chinese eyes I'm cooking rice
Not the beef, I'm vegetarian because I'm street-wise
I don't like paying, that's why I'm doing freestyles
A black version of Eminem, in poetry I'm gonna walk eight miles
You'll never notice even when I'm spitting lies

Poetic birth cry, and the year 2012 is missed
Written by coal, my great poems not published
No time wasted, but it's deep I've not made a progress
Comforting myself I've been getting a writing experience

16 June 2019.

Greetings to the world
Formally salutation to everyone in the world
I hope you'll are coping well
In the worst situation, still doing well
In the starvation of economy
And in the loss of social harmony

It was early in the morning, around six
In the bloody streets of Soweto, 1976
Someone's son was lying breathless
Police throwing hail of bullets, it was madness
But today I've seen
Owky, I mean I looked how education has been
There was a high pass rate then than today
Therefore Bantu Education was better in that way
For the eight years of Mother Tongue education
Now it's three years, English in grade 4 as LoLT, this situation
There's family of language, Father Afrikaans and Mother English
And many Children African, they can't talk. They're childish
It has been said that they're not matured enough to have a say
A whole nine official languages! that's marginalising the majority in a way

This is country is a business owned by invisible people
Too dirty to be explained in the single poem for innocent like you good people
From 1976, until now, it has been forty three years
And we the youth, we still shed the tears
Today's adults are 1976 Youth
2019 Youth is the product of the same fruit?
Then this goes like a circle
I call it updated slavery in a circle
Politics aside, revolutionary wasn't only about school
It wasn't only about 1976, can't be a fool
What happened before and after?
What has been done, fairly and equal? Hey slave child of slave master

Going to sleep.

It's time
Of resting for a while
Today has been a nightmare
Maybe tomorrow it will come true

People with means
Are going to bed
We're going to sleep
On a traditional woven grass mat
While watching the dark sky
And stomachs makes beats because of hunger

At the same time

It's time
Of wailing and praying
Fighting the spiritual wars
And visions being revealed
That is when horror starts

Women we respect in the society
Highly educated, goddess in church committee
I see them naked, lifting up their dresses
Chowing some creepy herbs and holding candles with needles
They laugh at me loudly, pointing at me
Their fingers are long but their nails are longer
If it isn't them, then.....
These contravesial gay ghosts be touchy touchy on me
Or baboons hauling the chains around
Our dogs bark cursingly
That is only when I wish for death in my life

It's that time
While others perform the ritual of
Going to sleep

Going to sleep.

The black three-legged pot.

Our mother, far away from biology
Look at your children, now we are old
My lovely black queen, unlike these pots of technology
Look at me mama, I'm taller, stronger, bigger and bold

Even a geyser isn't a special thing
Because the loadshedding doesn't matter to you
The delicious food isn't only what you bring
My mother, you're so underrated, they'll do not relate to you

Your beef stews has united families
We've ate, ate, felt like even licking you and we sucked our fingers
We the Fola's we even cook the spinach, with a bit of chillies
We grew up this much, eating pap and livers

Mama, let me introduce them to your multitask
Kaloku after eating we also had something to drink
Sitting with a clay pot in summer's sun until it's dark
Nicely and leisurely sipping on umqombothi(beer) or inqodi(non-alcoholic drink)

The black three-legged pot
Hold it freely, it won't burn you even when it's red hot.

The life.

These misshapen pieces
Mysteriously coming together
Connecting, I guess
Like a puzzle being sorted

A frustrating puzzle!
Where is the shell of an orator's manifesto?
Of agricultural to economic development
Which was all over the billboards in the streets

It's ups-and-downs
Learning-curve turning
It was a devastation and depression
Laughter for sometime
Although it was temporary

Why are we culturizing this struggle?
We're are keeping on with this painful ritual
Of a jamming life after matric

I remember we were small kids dreaming big
We couldn't change the world
Instead the world changed ourselves

Yesterday is a history
Tomorrow is a mystery
Today is a gift
that is why we call it a present
Appreciate it, and live to the fullest

The life.
It's teaching me lessons and I'm willing to learn
To heal, unlearn, learn, relearn and to grow

Moving forward.

Mystery in the scene
These spoiled generations can't relate
Years been fast like days
Days been slow like years
Through God's grace, this forward movement is lineage

Our era of survival
Granny raised us in a rental
house, where the floods of bloods
penetrated through any open space
Warmth we had, was only of her love
And daily, outside, my brother used to enlighten me
Not selling, but freely giving me dreams
I wanted to be a pilot when I'm old
I couldn't, I didn't
Alternatively, I started getting high

I can't talk this trauma
I rather write it
You can't read it raw
I rather spice it

Moving forward

From dawn to sunset
Life happens
In a democratic country
The struggle continue

Even Correctional Services
does not actual correct
Instead psychological destroys
Such conditions ain't conducive
And there is this crime
Alcohol and drugs addiction
And the unreliable education system
It's all deliberately driven

I know us, I know other people
And for surely, there's no such thing

As better life for all
Unfortunately us, ones treated unfair
We avoid or scared of self-introspection
Why are we keeping this toxic culture?
It's killing us
Let's leave the past behind
And move forward

I never had birth certificate from birth
Sixteen years of living illegal
Paying this VAT, but I never earned the social grant
School system couldn't register me
Two years later, I was eighteen
Still didn't had an identity book
My mind and my heart
And my imaginary parents, all in a war
People's opinions bought more paranoia
Grandpa's passing away bought more devastation

I found myself crying silently
And my only prayer was to
In fact, it is still to keep
Moving forward

Like a drug addict from the rehab
Clean and sober
Moving forward
Ignoring the tempimpitation
Of looking backward
Where there's a half-burning cigarette smelling nice
Knowing it is poisonous, bad for his health
Using it will eventually kill him

No regrets
Sincerely no grudges
And no curse

Thanks to my high school teacher
Mr Nogcantsi, now optimism is my copying mechanism
While I am moving

Moving forward.

Shake my shaking hand.

My heartbeat surprising me
As an unborn baby boy playing
I rub my eyes in shock, it can't be
I don't wanna see this reality, I'm now witnessing

I'm a Rhodent, just came back home
Grandparents are merry to see me back again
There's life and joy, oh and more relatable food here at home
Elders speak so sweet although life isn't as sugar cane

I shake my grandmother's, warm with love hand
While looking straight at her eyes, this is mother of us
Shake my shaking hand
While I daydream of graduation day and the better days for us

The compliments and comments are all good
Although flood of sweat overflows, while my hand's shaking
Seeing my late uncle's photo on a wall, high key crushed my mood
Feeling like crushing down in tears, tired of 'I am well' pretending

Grandma told me about my friends, who're now caught up on drugs
Their unanswered questions now come to me
They followed these rituals, liking it when holding bottles not even mugs
We got independence, freedom and democracy but not everyone is free

My gorgeous sister named Lizwekazi leAfrika got inside
With smile and excitement she runs to greet
I feel the pain, as I see the reality from adulthood side
The more she grows up, the more life's complexity becomes great

They've been playing, singing and jumping on the rain
Believe me, life's is when you don't know coz once you do it end
Forget about mama, Thora loves you and there will be no more chain of pain again
Lizwekazi leAfrika, shake my shaking hand

There is Hope.

(To Imange Nkomazana and Yonwabele Nkomazana)

This is to niece and nephew
There is Hope, who's not a niece and nephew

Among two of you, there's third one
In time and survival considerations, he's the first one

Me and my sister we used to daydream
Of olden days in the graded streets of Tembisa, having snacks and the ice-cream

Wondering how our lives would be if our mother was present
There was, there is and forever there will be Hope whose presence is significant

My sister wanted to help people, in a professional field as a nurse
We never knew God's plan, today she heals people spiritually with the bible verse

I was sixteen when she was getting married
Mom was back too on that day, everyone was pleased

I look into your beautiful eyes
We may fall, but through Hope we'll rise

We had dreams and wishes, but we couldn't achieve
There future is sweet as honey, yet still locked in hive

I wish both of you all the best and better education
Although parents may be conservatives and conformists, strive for mental liberation

For a correct tense's sake, there was and forever will be Hope
And what matters there most for now,- there is Hope.

The kraal.

The worst underrated parliamentary
Without necessarily politicians, but conscious people with matured minds
More interesting lectures, compared to the ones of tertiary
An old men talking about life's eroding winds

He's using allegory, pun, euphemism and simile
There at the corner a young men is sitting
Listening attentively with a smile
Everyone, even boys, has his space in the kraal, as well as the reason for coming

The red fresh beef, not really a steak but it's more linear
A braaid liver with cooked chest or yesterday's cooked and smiled goat's head
We all know the dynamics, a junior must leave a seat for a senior
Start a song there, watch a Hlubi guy dancing like he's sick in the head

Umqombothi, a traditional beer come in
A honourable member of a family, unlocks the happiness
Even for us, there's no exclusion. Irhewu, a traditional drinks comes in
I can't see heaven better than this, you rather come on your own to witness

These haunting things in our lives.

If hearts fallen in love romantic
Then it is fairly and sincerely accepted

If biological someone's had to take a responsibility
For the growing plants they planted
but ran, denied or deliberately failed
Later the plants will blossom, with fruits more sour

I'm the home where we're lacking communication
As the government and its people, damn that sucks
It's rumours, lies, secrets, facts, trauma, pain and survival
It's unspoken and the variations of truths
I wave at the psychologists, outcrying about
These haunting things in our lives

Elders are captured in this orphanage we call home
By their political captured
Rich in money and poor in humanity, so called sons
They come back once in Dec, splurging like no one ever before
A party is thrown, more and more drinking
and even more sad news afterwards
Not even news, because nothing is really spoken
Our victimized sisters keep quiet about
These haunting things in our lives

I grew up hearing
People who were praising such acts
Thanks to Rhodes University for peeling off me that
For liberating me
Because where I come from
You get booed by big brothers, for having a one girlfriend
It get worse when you're honest, loyal
And not lying a rough hand on her
Because that's what our grandmother and mothers went through
We are the generation with radical feminism and we can't ignore
These haunting in our lives

I've seen skinny hands, with long dirty nails on long fingers
Holding a knife tightly and chopping off a head patiently
Whole tongue coming out like of a goat being slaughtered

Oh shame poor lady from a worshiping team at church
Couldn't even sing, even it was gonna be the last time
Death is shocking, forcing a poet to rhyme
She couldn't cry, only she could was to die
We see these things, threatened if we speak
We smile and laugh so louder and fakey
No! Deep down we're dead
I shout for help, from you social workers
Listen to me psychiatrists and magistrates
While I speak out, all of
These haunting things in our lives.

Learning from the past.

This mad child
Is mad again
He is jotting truly and so wild
Grew up with crucial wounds, inhaling pain

Picked up this words shooting gun in twenty-twelve
Fourteen years later, a desert plant dripped the sweet fruits
My handedness is clockwise, I write from twelve to twelve
Academilising his past, his poems be sweet as Summer's fruits

I'm forever thankful and proud
To be grown up
I wish I can speak this, as a student and be loud
I deregistered from Failing, took Learning and majored in (NGU) Not Giving Up

I was left in the crossroads
My family is full of education activists
Been daydreaming me at Harvard, alternatively I went to Rhodes
I'm connecting like Eskom with these education activists

It has been a soldier in making
Darting internal cries in the dark will forever last
These are my sweet notes, I have been taking
Learning from the past

13 Feb 2019

My favourite book is out of the shelf
It's on my hand, here by myself
Under the tree, I'm sitting
My peacockingness is what I'm writing
Everything I see or hear here
Gives me hope or furious fear

Our lovely blossoming first years
Thirsty for theoretical cuisine students
For surely they will shine
And their families too will be fine
Yes education is the key
But wisdom is what's make you see

I look around
Listen, uhm... what's that sound?
All streets, Why are people singing?
Eish, on my mind darted the washing
But I won't do it
Simply and strictly can't do it

I look around and I admire
And to understand I desire
My words aren't good enough to praise
@Rhodes University, all me good
ways
Never I lived with such enlightened

people

Awesome, sweet, genuine and business
people

Hopefully one day we will me and
shake hands

Or you will just past me by, driving
your purple Benz.

LOVE YOU

Days and nights may pass
Endless feelings, many as grass
In mirror I see you
I close eyes, still seeing *you*

Calls and messages mayn't be made
"Hey" and "hellow" mayn't be said
Always know I miss you
Me, always, thinking about you

Sometimes, I drove you mad
My words and actions, made you sad
But still loving you I do
Loving you and it's true

Without you, how would be life?
O'no, thanks for your love, Mrs Wife
Even words aren't good enough
To describe this love

With only you, I wanna be
You're the only star, that I see
Never forget, I love you
Anytime, I miss you.

I only believe in this trinity thing;
Without you I'm nothing
With you I'm something
Together we're everything.

An Emotional Doctor.

Standing confidential
His name is Motivational
His surname is Speaker
Therefore, he's a motivational speaker

An emotional doctor
Healing my broken soul
Not with medication
But with wise and wonderful words
Changing me
Helping me
To cope with this abusive uncle Ross
To live again
To feel like how I used to
When I was once a first year
Having a mushroom pizza with extra
cheese
While the glass of beer was warming up
On an edge of a table, oh country music
At Rat and Parrot

Heal me doctor, I come to you
Bring back my spirit
Of aiming for distinctions and awards
Like how I used to do at high school
Help me to smile again
To forget the past, and it's pain
Pray and prosper again

An emotional doctor
The best doctor in the world.

(This poem was originally written in

February 2018, during orientation week to be recited. Then SM Dlephu became well known as “Emotional Doctor’ and he edited the poem later and included the depression faced by a student. On the 25th October 2018, he was awarded a certificate by the Adamson House, RU at National Literacy English Museum as the best ‘Love Doctor).

We will smile again.

I do not cry, I do not complain
Yet, I cannot ignore the pain
Because without you, my mother
The life will never be the same
Not knowers do not know
the pain expressed in this poem
They just think I'm chasing fame

I write this with a sad face
And a heart's full of hope and faith
We will smile again

Mama, I got caught up reminiscing
about the olden days
We were happy in many ways
Mama, last night I had a dream
Of us, walking in town, having an
ice-cream

Mama, I got caught up reminiscing
about the olden days
Of us, running late on Sundays
Going to the Methodist Church
I held the bible on my hand
My heart praying for guidance
And the heaven was on my mind
Mama, you used to hold me by hand
When we were crossing streets
And on our way back, at spaza we

bought some sweets

Mama, I've been reading the bible
Like you used to do and told to do the
same

Yesterday I read 'Danielle 12:2'
My faith grew bigger

We will see each other again
Talk to each other again
Hug you again
Mama, I will be with you again
We will share our lives and experiences

But what's is more important
We will smile again
My mother, Nobuntu Dlephu
We will smile again.

Writing my thoughts down.

When life continued again?

Last time, the time jammed

While a pandemic of pain went viral

The morning and night are most
important

Use the time wise but your brain wiser

My motivation is psychological

No one can demotivate me

My survival is shocking me too

The life on its own

has been too cruel, to be called life

Even witches are praying to God for me

They say I'm talented

I jump to explain how much

Hard work I work hard

I say repeatedly I'm normal

Low-key, I've insecurities of not being
normal

I write these poems

Everywhere, anytime

Without a pen and paper

Echoing voices in my mind

Poems rounded off to thoughts

Repeatedly, creativity and stylishness
These magic voices thunder at me
I get lost on ongoing convo
Stonnermates think I'm zoning
No, the ancestor of poetry live within
me

My mind cram as much as possible
Until I write, now
Writing my thoughts down.

